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Metropole Girls

About the sundry moon who
stretches in your heart
when two strangers make you
think you are on ugly phase
of quiet towns; or when the dew
of jazz prevails their legs some
sphere above your – just above your
eyes and not quite there, though
they peruse your blueness still
and think the same as always;
two girls with new york eyes
that think the same as always.

But you cannot; and so
it stretches in your heart,
longs to be the gaze of
other spheres, dynamic legs
perhaps (they look again), and
hint the truth that stretches
in the jazz: who sings the epic
of some other need than yours,
of blue wine souls whose myth
insures the experience in their
faces; and why perhaps they shun
your ugly phase of sundry hearts.

Lou Renza

A Comedy in One Act

CAST

GEORGE
HIS WIFE
PAPERBOY

The curtain rises on a room which has a door USR to the front porch, and another door DSL to the kitchen. CL, a young man is seated in a chair. Surrounding him are sheets from the New York Sunday Times. He must give the impression of reading hurriedly – glancing at his watch, etc. To the R of him is his wife. She likewise is sitting, her elbow placed on the table before her and her chin in her palm. She will strike this pose everytime he reads an article to her as he is doing now. Everytime he finishes an article, he says "Right."

GEORGE. (As he finishes an article) Right.

WIFE. Well, as I was saying, I don't think I ever did like that Mrs. Garvy. Always putting on airs an' such. Well, just yesterday afternoon, I was finishing my weekend shopping and had almost plumb forgot to go to the butcher store. I don't know why, but I'm getting so absent minded. Why just the other day I couldn't remember of the life of me, the name of that dishwashing soap they were raving about on the television over at Dolly Mae's house. And I promised faithfully to Dolly Mae that I'd get that soap because they sponsor one of her favorite tee vee shows. Well, I finally had to call her up, yes sir I had to call her on the telephone and ask her what the name of that dishwashing soap was. I was so embarassed. But I knew just what I wanted at the butcher store. I thought we'd have pork chops tomorrow night – just had a hankering for pork chops. Well, I had just ordered my pork chops, and Mrs. Garvy, she was standing right next to me, she turned her little radio down – you know she just flaunts that thing ever since her husband got her a new leather case for it – and said, as sweetly as you please, 'Why', she said, 'if I had been raised in the South and came up North the way you have, I don't think I could

look another pork chop in the eye'. 'Well', I said, 'we do not only just eat pork chops. I'm sure you have heard of southern-fried chicken.' How's that for an answer? (No response from him. He picks up another section and glances at watch.) And furthermore, I said my husband adores pork chops. Then she said with that sweet, sweet smile of hers, 'How is your husband? I've never met your husband, dearie. What does he do?' Oh, and I was so delighted she asked that question. 'Why Mrs. Garvy', I said, 'He reads the Times.' (He reads an article and she hits the pose. Finishes with "Right".) 'Yes sir', I said. 'My husband is the most informed person you can possibly imagine. He reads the Sunday Times. That's all he does', I told her, 'from one Sunday to the next – he reads every word of the New York Sunday Times.' (Laughs to herself) She was just dumbfounded. 'Honey', she said, 'doesn't he do anything else?' 'Nope', I said, and I picked up my pork chops and marched right out of that butcher store. My my, I'll bet she was just burning up with jealousy. You know, that man of hers isn't one tenth as informed as you are.

GEORGE. (He reads. She strikes pose.) Washington, D. C. The White House announced this morning that the president awoke at 9:37 A.M., Eastern Standard Time. He joined the First Lady for breakfast and spent a leisurely hour. The Press Secretary said that the White House Cook, Miss Mirabelle Washington Brown prepared breakfast for the Presidential couple. The President had one glass of fresh orange juice. Then two fried eggs, served sunny side up with four slices of buttered toast followed. He had two cups of coffee with cream. The Press Secretary added that this was the way the President usually took his coffee. During the second cup of coffee, the President smoked a cigarette and discussed with the First Lady things in general. The Press Secretary would not elaborate on just what specific items were discussed, but it was felt in some circles, that the talk centered around the schedule for the day. After rising from the table, and just before leaving the dining room, the President burped. The Press Secretary hastened to reassure reporters gathered at the White House that there was no cause for alarm. "It was just an old fashioned burp," he said smiling. (Pause.) Right!

WIFE: Well I'll be . . . George, that's what you had for breakfast George, – George! (He looks up abruptly.) That's just what you had for breakfast this very morning.

GEORGE. Oh?

WIFE. Yais. Orange juice, two cups of coffee, two fried eggs and four slices of toast.

GEORGE. Did I? That's nice, dearest. (Flashes automatic smile, she returns it, then he looks at watch and goes back to paper.)

WIFE. 'Cept you didn't have fresh orange juice. The orange juice you had was a new brand of frozen orange juice. They said on Dolly Mae's television that their orange juice was absolutely the best, that it tastes just like fresh squeezed orange juice and is even better for you. My, my. When I think of my poor mother squeezing all those unhealthy oranges. Why my lord, it's no wonder the President burped. You'd think they'ed know better. Why I can't wait to tell Dolly Mae. I'll have to remember and tell Dolly Mae as soon as I get there, because we certainly don't have anytime to talk when the television is going on.

GEORGE. Right!

WIFE. (Whips into pose, waiting for George to read.) Right? Right what? George. George!

GEORGE. (Looking up.) What?

WIFE. You just said "Right." Is that all?

GEORGE. Oh. (Reads article. Finishes with "Right!" She breaks pose and looks at him.)

WIFE. Oh, George, don't ever do that again. You always pick out the very best articles to read aloud. (Rises.) George, I do so like to have you read to me from the Sunday Times. It's sorta like we're communicating, you know. An' if there was one thing my mother use to say to me, it was, Honey Child, she used to say, the most important thing in marriage is communication. Yais, the most important thing. And she should know. Good Lord, my mother and daddy were married for thirty-six years. My, my, and on their tenth wedding anniversary they had eight youngsters. (Standing in back of him.) George, promise you won't stop reading aloud to me. I know you're rushing because you're late finishing up with last week's Times, and this week's is probably already sitting right out there on the front porch. But when you read to me and we throw out the old Times, why that's the only real opportunity we have for communication. And I do love it so when you communicate, George. (She goes over to the TV table standing SR of George's chair, on which are remnants of George's breakfast.) And do you know what, George? (Picks up tray.) Next week will mark our first wedding anniversary. Just think of that, by next Sunday, we'll have been communicating for fifty-two weeks. (As she goes out DSL, perplexed.) Sometimes I wonder though – if communicating is just eating, sleeping and reading the New York Sunday Times. (Exits)

GEORGE. (loudly) Hah! (He has finished. He then begins to gather the papers. As soon as he speaks there is a clatter of dishes heard off stage and Wife reenters hurriedly. The following dialogue, as the two gather all the papers, must go rather rapidly and give the impression that this is the only time the two have for conversation – until the next Sunday at this time.)

GEORGE. Has the milk bill been taken care of?

WIFE. Yais. And on Wednesday I paid the rent too, George.

GEORGE. What about the butter and egg man, darling?

WIFE. Yes dear. I took care of the butter and egg man.

GEORGE. The grocery bill?

WIFE. Yes, I did.

GEORGE. The oil bill and the electric light bill?

WIFE. Uh huh.

GEORGE. The department store bill, the haberdasher's bill, the shoe store bill, the jewelry store bill, and the drug store bill?

WIFE. Every one.

GEORGE. And did you make this week's payments for the refrigerator, the stove, the washing machine, the encyclopedia, the automobile, and the aluminum pots and pans guaranteed to last a lifetime?

WIFE. I did.

GEORGE. (looking at her for the first time) And did you pay the paperboy, my love?

WIFE. Sweetheart, I paid the paperboy, and not only did I pay the paperboy, I gave him a little something to buy a chocolate malted milk shake with. Oh yais, I paid the paperboy.

GEORGE. That's good. That's good!

(The papers have been gathered and are thrown into an incinerator in the wall, USL.)

GEORGE. And how is Dolly Mae, love?

WIFE. Just fine. She's dying to meet you. But of course she would never come over here since we don't have a television. Oh, she just got a new set, the screen is almost twice as big.

GEORGE. That's nice. Well, it's time to get the Times! (laughs)

WIFE. Oh no! Not yet, George darling, we haven't . . . . .

GEORGE. But sugar, I'm late now. I got held up on an extra advertising supplement they included last week. Why this week's Times has been sitting out there on the porch for the last two hours.

WIFE. Oh George, you promised we would do it every week, and especially since it's Sunday.

GEORGE. Oh all right. (Looks at watch, she runs out to kitchen DSL) Well, maybe the classified section won't be quite so long this week. And of course last week they did have that extra advertising supplement.

(She reenters hastily bearing a bowl of water in her hands lifted before her, over her arm a clean dishtowel. Once she is on stage, he takes his position DSR, she raises bowl and during the following they approach each other, to meet, CS. The following is intoned.)

WIFE. Established in 1851.

GEORGE. Established in 1851.

WIFE. Established in 1851, the New York Times does print—

GEORGE. Established in 1851, the New York Times does print—

WIFE. Established in 1851, the New York Times does print all-al-al

GEORGE. the – eh news.

WIFE. the news that's fit (She holds last word.)

GEORGE. that's fit to print.

WIFE. that's fit to print.

GEORGE. That's fit to print. (They meet each other CS.)

GEORGE. As we remove the print from last week's Times, let us be ever mindful of the need to be informed. (He places his hands in bowl.) And make us clean in order to re . . . (Stop, looks in bowl, then at her.) Where's the soap?

WIFE. Oh. We used up that last cake of soap. But it's all right, because the dishwashing soap that I saw advertised on Dolly Mae's television is just wonderful for hands, so I just used it, instead.

GEORGE. (Intoning) And make us clean in order to receive the words of thy servant, James Reston. (He dries his hands. Bows slightly towards her, she acknowledges and turns toward the kitchen.) We'll have to skip the prayers. It's getting late.

WIFE. Alright, dear. (He goes rapidly to door USL, opens it, looks around. Reenters room same time as she does.)

That was so nice. I just can't wait . . . (Notices George, who looks pale.) Why, whatever is the matter, honey?

GEORGE. It's not there. This week's Sunday Times is not there on the front porch.

WIFE. Not there on the front porch? Why it's always there on the front porch.

GEORGE. My God. The damn Sunday Times isn't here yet.

WIFE. Now George, don't get excited. The paper boy must be a little late. Why yais, that's what it is, the paper boy is just a little late. Shucks, he must have dawdled over his chocolate milk shake.

GEORGE. (haltingly) I went out there, and I . . . I knew just how it would be – sitting there with the drama section, section two, including the screen, movie, TV, radio and gardens, holding all the others. And I'd pick it up, feeling the weight in my arms of the New York Sunday Times, the softness of the paper . . . the smell of news print . .

WIFE. Now lamby-pie, you mustn't get upset. You know that newspaper boy will be here just as soon as he can.

GEORGE. (coming DS) And then, usually the first thing I'd read, before anything else, would be the News of the Week in Review.

WIFE. (joining his mood) Oh I do like that section with all those cartoons and everything.

GEORGE. And the education section.

WIFE. And the fashion section.

GEORGE. And Home Improvements section and the science section, and the sports section.

WIFE. The foods section, the society section, the decorative arts section.

GEORGE. The stamp and coin section, the obituaries section.

WIFE. George. That New York Sunday Times will be here any minute now. It will. And as soon as it arrives, you can go straight to section five and read that whole financial section to me, every last word, even if we go right into Tuesday, why I won't even go to Dolly Mae's.

GEORGE. Sweetness, the Financial section is section three.

WIFE. Oh, no honey, I think you're wrong. The Financial section is section five.

GEORGE. Darling, I know the Financial section is section three.

WIFE. Why dear, what ever is the matter with you? I do know that the Financial section is section five.

GEORGE. Look, I'm the one who reads the paper, and I know that section three is the Financial section.

WIFE. Well I guess after living with you for one year, minus a week, I'd know which section was which. I guess I'd know that the Financial section is . . . .

GEORGE. Is number three.

WIFE. George, it is not.

GEORGE. It is, damn it.

WIFE. Don't you swear at me.

GEORGE. The Financial section . . .

WIFE. is number five

GEORGE. Three!

WIFE. Five!

GEORGE. Three!

WIFE. Five!

(At the height of this exchange, the bell rings – George goes to the door USL.)

WIFE. (looking at audience) Well my my. We've just had our first argument!

GEORGE. (at door) It's the paper boy.

WIFE. Mother, I think we're communicating.

(He comes DS, Paper boy enters. A young lad, he is dressed in a dark suit with a vest, white shirt, and tie. Over his shoulder is slung a canvas bag on which is imprinted, NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES.)

GEORGE. Hey honey! It's the paper boy.

PAPER BOY. (coming DS between them) Special to the New York Times. The Sunday New York Times will not be printed this week. A city-wide printers' strike has curtailed operations of one of the oldest and most widely circulated New York newspapers. Publisher Arthur Salzburger called today for an early settlement, stressing the need for an informed public. There is little reason, however, for the strike to be over soon. In official circles, it was felt that the union could halt operations indefinitely. (exits)

(There is a long pause. He is stunned. She gradually realizes what has happened and a large smile comes across her face.)

WIFE. George. Did you hear what that boy said? That lovely paper boy said there'd be no New York Sunday Times this week. Yes he did. Oh George. Do you know what that means? We're going to have a whole week together – we're going to finally have that honeymoon. Why we can have it right here. Yais. Right here. And George, I'm not even going over to Dolly Mae's and watch tee vee. I'm going to say right here. And George, I have a big surprise for you. I bought it a long time ago, and I was just saving it for this special occasion – our honeymoon. (exits DSL to kitchen)

(During her next speech, offstage, George wanders – lost.)

Yais. I got just the thing to start off our honeymoon. (laughs) Why even Mother said 'Honey', she said, 'with that man of yours, you

might need it'. But then of course, Papa was never informed. Why, shucks, you could probably recite more news articles than Papa ever had the opportunity to read.

(He looks toward kitchen. Thinks. Smiles. And in a low voice begins reciting a past article from the Times, moving toward his chair.)

Yais. (She enters, carrying a bottle of liquor and two glasses.) You could probably recite . . . (She stops short, seeing him in chair. He is reciting louder and louder. She crosses SR, in back of him.) Oh George. Oh George, no. (He finishes article and says "Right!") Oh dear – George, darling. (Crosses to table R and places bottle and glasses upon it. He starts reciting another article, a satisfied grin crossing his face. We feel that he can keep reciting articles from memory until next week's Times is printed. As a matter of fact, he could probably do this indefinitely.)

WIFE. Oh hell! (She pours a shot and drinks it down as curtain falls.)

END

Peter V. D. Fish

Night Journey

The thing to be such as it was
drifts in her dreams of the twenties,
and waits, as it had waited twenty years,
uncrushed, in its one station
where it can't be eaten or jeered.
And *reappear* and disappear
upon a moving field her *children*
in Cashmeres and Rep Ties
and buttons from Societies,
who must marry and kiss
the thing to be such as it is.
And the lawyer or salesman by her,
starts, sodden with sleep, rolling on a
troubled sea and pierced suddenly,
by rumour of some dearest and most secret
treasure he cannot share,
little knowing it to be only
the thing to be such as it was.
And they came to the wars.
over the tea-cups and the tea-roses
admiring, or hating,
her wit, little guessing
her wistlessness, her brittleness,
or that she holds as she sits,
endlessly in her heart's gloves,
the thing to be such as it was.
And crowded by angrier images,
or the ever-returning surging
of subsequent action, acted
since the thing to be came to be
and never was, it remains,
like a tulip on a train.
And will be, still, a thing to be, when she
stops in presence of terrific absence
to ask directions
in thought's last county,
with no more credentials than
the thing to be,
such as it was.

Patrick Nagle

The Elbow-room Canticle

Of all there is to tell and see
I choose that furniture Self-same
In Love's unbounded sacristy,

undrenched in dews of present Be,
Love's whirling oratory, name
of all there is to tell and see.

I choose the manifold acres as See,
the tingling moment's pang and shame,
in Love's unbounded sacristy

the civil fountain, city key,
central of every hope and game.
Of all there is to tell and see

I take your days and ways to me
before all beauty wild or tame
in Love's unbounded sacristy.

Be ever dead in Eurydice . . .
Mount singing, praising mount the flame
of all there is to tell and see
in Love's unbounded sacristy.

Patrick Nagle

To His Graceful Lady

If grace be Grace-like, it will be,
though Un- blur positives down the way of days
we are to take forever westward. Quays
and trophies of your mind's great littoral
are flased to see,
and shut again
in that unguessable ocean. So
if there's grace out at sea I do not know.
I do not know the end of grace and pain.
I know grace is a stay for pain and pain
stays grace, that it will be despite our fall.
Hidden is my lady's favour.

If your grace end, it may stay grace,
the sempiternally enduring beauty.
If grace be Given, grace may end its duty.
It is no grace to pardon awkwardness'
terrible face,
its rod and eyes,
its groping tendernesses. Pray
grace give, and be, ungiven, come, and stay.
Your mind you do not know I'll know, its cries
and curling waves will flash me-wards; its cries
will hunger you and me, and both will bless.
Gracious is my sweetheart's savour.

Patrick Nagle

On *The Lore of the Unicorn*

by Odell Shepherd

I

Ass or rhinoceros, named
  By Adam or Greek,
  Fierce and untamed
From our deserts you speak,

Symbol of Prophets, *Re'em*
  (Save us, O Lord,
  As Jerome in his den
From the beast of the sword):

Heaven you serve and earth
From a merchant's birth.

II

Stiff majesty pricks high—
  Footed through forests
  Under a panoplied sky
Of tales of the hunt at rest;

In chase a red deer
  At the lute's song leaps,
  Dancing with fluttering fear
Brittle leaves;

Songs, tales come after
  Late to see its virgin end
  Twisted on spear shafts
White with a faded splendor.

Michael Rewa

Commodity

How shall we sail
  Our tropic gulfs,
You, Cancer to my Capricorn?

How shall we claim
  The sea between
Our foreign climates?

How, when the wind
  Our motion makes
Us veer away,

Shall we who trade
  Our export love
Find market ever enough?

Michael Rewa

A Difference of Choices

(On a Fra Angelico Saint)

While sunbeams halo my graceful brother,
Rising I throw my wrinkled towel
About my shoulders with a cursing mutter.

Medieval monks would never bathe,
For catering to the body was a sin
And so I ask my saint to pray,

Because I go with washcloth, brush and paste in hand
To clean myself for those I meet,
Lest socially I find myself irrevocably damned.

But his reward for itchiness and dirt behind his ears,
Bad breath and grime beneath his nails
Is to sit a saint in a golden light, years on endless years.

While I, a cleaner, more sweet smelling slave
Go out among my chosen brotherhood,
Quite safe hygienically, but not to save
The soul I leave behind for its own good.

Michael Rewa

A Place for More than Once

Capture the pond
standing soft,
hemmed with green and
threaded sand
        against
feathered twigs of
odd needles
        unscattered,
        unlike
bits of apple blossoms marking
the wind's course in the lazy lightime
        or dimpling
leaf heavy evenings,
crowded grass, the lillies' valleys.

Love sat in the bow of a boat on that pond;
Stars sat on the surface.

She said the full sky would be sinking.
I nodded,
and watched a distant twist of hair
by a dark eye.

The rain came near and must have dotted
the dusty mist with delicate sighs.

Something she did made me laugh,
and the laugh crossed the tilting silk stringed air
and passed out of careless sight.

The oars slipped with a sound, but did not matter.

Douglas L. Frost

"The Trapped"

Eugene O'Neill is a dramatist not a philosopher. His main concern is with the exploration of the psychological behavior of humans within a given context of action, rather than a presentation of perennial philosophic questions and categories. It is in the dramatic unfolding human situation, with its stresses, anxieties, and distortions, that one must look if he is to discover O'Neill's philosophy. For it is within this framework, the framework of man's vital existence, that O'Neill finds the heart of man's being.

Although not intentionally philosophical, O'Neill's psychological depth-probing results in certain views toward life, love, guilt and their opposites. His fundamental concern in both of these works is man, *Man in total confrontation with the truth about himself.* The consequences of this meeting varies depending upon the situation, but the underlying philosophic result is still the same.

The Iceman Cometh is set in a "no chance" saloon called Harry's Hope. It is an apropos title, for the characters, despite their motely backgrounds, beliefs and personal failures, all share one poignant trait. This is their corporate notion that tomorrow (one which will never come) will bring a solution to the problems of their fogged and forgotten yesterdays. The promise of that never-tomorrow, the "pipe dreams" which they all possess, serve to sustain a belief in a life they never had. Each one is aware of the pipe dream and the foibles of the others, but each dimly perceives, as well, that he is dependent upon the maintenance of these dreams for his own well-being. In short, is a world of illusion about the past and the future; but illusions which have become necessarily real.

The agent for self-discovery is Hickey. He comes to Harry's biannually to forget his own life in a wild two day binge. This year when the well-liked Hickey shows up, he has changed. He tells the group that he has found peace; a peace achieved through directly facing his own pipe dream. He has come to Harry's to convert these men to life and not a pretense of it. Realty will replace the world of tomorrows.

With his appearance and dogged persistence, the veneer of their dreams is gradually but definitely ripped away. First they face the truth about one another, but soon afterward about themselves. Hickey explodes the illusions of each: *Hugo*, the ex-anarchist-communist with the tastes of a capitalist. *Larry*, the objectivist-philosopher, who sees both sides of everything. A barker for death who clings tenaciously to life, Don Parritt, such a loving son that he turned his mother into the police – and so on.

As a result of this overwhelming confrontation, a change takes place in the bar. The evil that has been dealt to them, the evil they have created in their own lives, is unleashed. Hatred replacs the genile camaradie previously garnered in the forgetfulness of yesterday and the dream of tomorrow. Instead of reciprocating their dreams of the past and the future, each aims, out of his own bitterness, to explode the illusions which are held by any of the others. Dead secrets are resurrected and sodden skeletons are removed from dingy closets – the Iceman of truth has come to Harry's Hope.

O'Neill brilliantly poses a situation where men come in contact with their self-images. The metamorphis that takes place in each leads them face to face with a "new" structure of reality. The result of this will be seen later.

Mourning Becomes Electra is a trilogy based superficially on Aeschylus's three play presentation of a family's torture and dissolution. It follows the same action lines as Aeschylus's work, but the meaning is entirely different. The form, however, serves as an excellent framework for progressive self-discovery. As in *The Iceman Cometh* we see an unfolding of man's confrontation with the life behind his mask.

The play is set in New England, immediately after the Civil War. It is a story of a family whose lives are utterly distorted by one of the most extensive collections of Oedipus and Electra complexes ever joined beneath a cover. But to view the play a series of implict repressions, regressions and complexes is to miss the point. The psychological background is not an end, but a means to the revelation of man's passion and tragedy. The characters personalities are twisted out of shape by their hatreds, molded by their perverted loves and jealousies. The result is a situation where illusions can be stripped by the tragic truth.

In both of these plays, then, O'Neill attempts to portray the gradual confrontation with one's true self. The characters in these works become clearly conscious that flight is ludicrous and their self-images false. They learn that all self-images are illusions and that they are projected by a self which is worthless.

Hickey is the Iceman of truth and death who comes to Harry's. Hickey's speeches for the absolution of guilt and fear by going out into the world succeeds in moving the men into the New York streets for the first time in years. When they return, they are beaten. Harry Hope, the owner of the bar, exemplifies the reaction of the majority. The destruction of his pipe dream is too much for him – it kills something within him. The quasi-life and the false spirit generated by it have been completely dissipated. Even liquor has lost its power of salvation.

> "Bejees, you must have been monkeying with the booze, too, you interfering bastard! There's no life in it now.

> I wanna to get drunk and pass out. Let's all pass out. Who the Hell cares?"

One by one, they crawl back, broken and defeated echoing Harry's cry of inevitable failure. They have faced the truth and the truth has robbed them of the last pitiful trace of hope.

Orin and Lavinia, the son and daughter respectively in *Mourning Becomes Electra,* face themselves in the last play of the trilogy. The result here is similar to that in The *Iceman.* Try though they might to recapture life and its vitality; they are doomed by existence, truth and their all-pervading guilt not to participate in it.

After the quest for self-discovery is fulfilled, O'Neill's characters are faced with three choices. These alternatives represent the crux of his attitude toward life and death.

The first alternative is embodied in the characters of Lavinia and Harry. Their decision is to live despite the horror and torture involved with the possession of destructive self-knowledge. It is their belief that constant suffering will enable one to expiate guilt, though it will not bring one peace. They choose living death, necessitated by guilt, rather than life itself.

Lavinia says:

> "Don't be afraid. I'm not going the way Mother and Orin went. [suicide]. That's escaping punishment. And there's no one left to punish me . . . . . I've got to punish myself! Living here with the dead is a worse act of justice than death or prison."

Larry, in *The Iceman Cometh,* comes to full realization with the death of Don Parritt. It is, likewise, the death of his last illusion about himself. He is no longer the great philosopher, but only another down and out bum.

> "B' God, there's no hope! "I'll never be a success in the grandstand – or anywhere else! Life is too much for me! I'll be a weak fool looking with pity at the two sides of everything till the day I die. . . . . Be God, I'm the only real convert to death Hickey made. From the bottom of my coward's heart I mean that now!"

In gripping reality, Larry has as well shaken the hand of the Iceman. Larry, bound to live by his intense fear of death, is confronted by life stripped of all its pretensions.

The second alternative is a more ordinary one – suicide. When the buffeting of self-knowledge hits too hard, too fast the character may crumble. He sees no other choice, no other way to rid himself from the morass of guilt. Redemption cannot be garnered from living, for the person himself is responsible for the death of his only forgiver. The victim is trapped by his realization and its psychic impact. He searches

for adequate punishment, but cannot find any suitable to the depth of his own evil – and, so, kills again!

In this context there is a parallel between two characters in the plays. Orin, the overattached son in *Mourning Becomes Electra,* and Don Parritt in *The Iceman Cometh.* Both have been responsible for the real or pending deaths of their mothers. Both spend the better part of the action in attempting to free themselves from the burden of their evil deeds. And both fail to do so except by suicide. Orin exclaims:

> . . . my last island – – Death is an Island of Peace, too – – Mother will be waiting for me there . . . I'll get on my knees and ask forgiveness."

O'Neill's suicides are not wrought out of the evil surrounding his characters, or even the cold geometry of the universe (á le Dostoevsky). Rather by the total despair brought through the inner necessity of freeing oneself from the pressures and impossibility of living in guilt.

The final alternative offered by O'Neill is to fall back to the oblivion of illusion. If the confrontation of self with self-image is too much to live with and too much to die with, then one must reach like a drowning man for old dreams.

This situation is illustrated most clearly in *The Iceman Cometh.* Ironically, the pied piper of death to pipe dreams, Hickey, is the one who is finally duped by one. The supposed destruction of his dream came with the murder of his wife. He convinced himself that her death would free her from unhappiness over his drunkenness and dissipation. In reality Hickey killed her because of hate, hate for her eternal forgiveness and insipid kindness. The discovery of his actual guilt is too much for him. He creates anew his world of illusions by insisting that he must have been insane at the moment of the murder. Hickey's new dream is a blessing to his friends, for it restores their own. Now they can go back to their bottles, convinced that Hickey was insane all the time and that they only faced reality to humor him.

O'Neill's three alternatives are really only three paths down a dead end road. Actually, he sees no exit for man's predicament; any step leads in only one direction. Man, or at least perverted man, is doomed to die in one way or another: living-death, suicide, or through perpetual self-illusion.

O'Neill recognizes man's inherent responsibility to himself and the necessity of his utilizing choice to achieve his fulfillment. His pessimism emerges with the realization that any decisions his characters make are absurd; absurd because the ultimate result of action is death. In a sense man has freedom but it is the type of freedom from which he must escape.

For this reason it is not surprising that O'Neill uses the Greek tragedy framework. Within it he can show that man is not trapped by the fate of externals. – – the gods, but by a fate which is congenital. Man's search for truth is that which dooms him. Orin says,

> "I find artificial light more appropriate for my work – – man's light, not God's – – man's feeble striving to understand himself in the darkness. It is a symbol of his life – a lamp burning out in a room of waiting shadows."

For O'Neill, the lamp of life burns out not only with time, but also with self-discovery and the concomitant destruction of deludingly false images. Man is born to strive for the truth but knowledge of that truth is bound to destroy him.

It is indeed in O'Neill's view of man that his through-going pessimism is seen most lucidly. He sees man as faced by the necessity of raising himself by his own bootstraps and goaded on by the hope that he may succeed. Such success is wrought by love – always envisaged but never attained in these two plays. His characters, though born with the capacity and the desire for love, are soon frustrated by those who surround them. Once caught in the net of this "continuum of hate", their nature undergoes a change – in which they take on the form of those who molded them. So the cycle goes on, man born to love is turned to hate and distortion.

It is probably both presumptuous and inaccurate to say that this is O'Neill's philosophy. What we see, however, in these works is a metaphysic of the disturbed, the twisted and the tragic.

Richard H. Schnadig

The Minnow and The Osprey

I felt the osprey soar on cunning wind
And be buoyed by its soft crests
That sustained its hushed flight
On out stretched pulsing wings
I scurried with the minnow in the flock
Through crystalline, fathomless waters
Over swells, through kelp, behind barnacles,
Our fins quivering lightly in heavy seas

I sensed the osprey contract and dive
Could feel the rush of wind, the throbbing veins
I reeled with the tortured, frantic minnow
Then cried as its flesh was ripped, torn
And could not measure up to a mammoth task
Greater than itself and all its kind
The struggle made it gasp and plead
Its small death but strength for the strong

I was aware of cruel enthrallment of one so weak
Yet enjoyed the conquest just as much
Both were mine

malcolm lloyd

Snow

History is silent snow
And ever new with falling
Covering those below
Long past recalling
And we must move
And pass through
The present from above
Landing, not long new.
Hitching infinities we owe
Our silent labor, tying
Future snowy skies with snow
Packed, the past our dying.

Let's make the best of snowing
My downy feather
Caress each other going
And
fall together.

St. Albans Cemetery

A girl in winter, through the cemetery
Skipped along. A bright scarf kept her head
And shiny lips, unknowing dead and bury;
While windy halfway hemlocks wed,
Beneath the stone rows watching her make merry,
Life and death, by woody fingers fisted round the dead.

Silver

Reflected in teaspoon pools
Begins the change in me
New ruins old rules
Of sterling certainty.
Rub off my new shine
With gentle hands in time use me
The end of softening silver, mine
To beauty's purpose, bruise me.
A million little bruises wear
On my soft metal, well
And every million scratches bear
Your emblem; and your luster, tell.

Thomas R. Swift

Bus

Stark fields of lifeless stubble,
flanked by the pavement, endless, dull—
And as my eyes began to close from boredom,
they chanced to look ahead, and there I saw
a grove of trees, their green extending
on, on— on, as far as I could see.
Now, as the bus moved quickly towards the grove,
now I was waiting, now I wanted to see.
. . . And then, no sooner had we come to them
than they were gone, behind us, not endless at all—
a few yet living trees and then an expanse
that had already donned unbroken blackness.
But as the boredom started to return,
again I looked ahead and this time saw
a town that we would soon be passing by.
Again I waited, and then, yes, appeared
a scattering of shacks, with stricken people
seated on their steps, watching excitedly
as our bus passed for a moment through their lives.
Once past them, I turned away, no longer looked ahead.
I closed my eyes and conjured, tried to see
a grove of trees, a pleasant little town.

David Curry

A Short Story

Before him the grinning faces lept up from the table and distorted, framed his double Gibson on the rocks. He noted the progression of the gin, feeling its calming effect on every nerve it passed, finally relaxing somewhat the tight knot in his stomach. For a brief instant the sounds of cocktail conversation, and glass upon glass were lost to his ear nor was he aware of the rapid choreography of the men in red jackets. How tenaciously did he grasp this brief moment of respite!

As the glass descended the five faces seated about the table seemed to converge upon it, as if it were the focal point, the common ground on which all were familiar. Christine alone, pensive with downcast eyes, stirred her drink. Alex realized that he was relieved that the group had come to the airport to see him off. Ordinarily he had a decided distaste for goodbyes, goodbye drinks and all the rest, especially when the farewell was as final as this one.

"If you keep putting them down like that Alex, my boy," Lee said laughing, "you will have the fastest flight to the East coast ever recorded from San Francisco." Amid the general laughter, Mark, at the end of the table, gesturing wildly, cried,

"No flight. I tell you, there will be no flight . . . Fate . . . Don't you see, there's already been a two hour delay . . Gods talking it over . . They want Alex to stay in California," then he grinned foolishly, "we want Alex in California, eh Chris?"

"But does Alexander Crane want California?" she asked quietly, looking directly at him. He muttered something incomprehensible and nervously lit a cigarette.

There was a general flurry of conversation among the group about flights each had taken at one time or another. And as Alex settled back with his drink, he knew that the two hours caused by the flight delay, spent alone with Chris would have been very awkward at best. He had overheard Meg earlier that day remark to Don that Chris had seemed so detached, almost resigned. But Alex had read her eyes and knew this was not true.

She was not an unattractive girl, but consciously or unconsciously did little to glamorize herself, depending, Alex guessed on her eyes to be the spokesmen for her attractiveness. She approached beauty with a self assuredness and command that were unique with her. Chris was never in a hurry, and, so it had seemed to Alex when he had first met her, would never let herself get involved. She was like an actor who knew his part perfectly, could leave his character in mid-performance and being detached, take a seat in the audience and watch the entire production unfold. But for her eyes, this was enough said; they alone, wrote a script of their own. And Alex was afraid to meet them alone.

It was Meg who leaned toward him, placed her hand on his and said, "We're going to miss you, Alex while you're gone. Don and I were just saying that it doesn't seem possible we've only known you for less than a year," she turned to Don, "it is strange, isn't it, dear?"

"Yes, darling, it is."

"Well you know," Alex said, "I was thinking, seeing this group here, that, ah . . " he paused awkwardly, "well you know, I was a complete stranger when I came out here, and you, well, you've sort of taken me in."

"Well I *must* say," Mark interjected, "you've worked out better than George did."

"Oh really Mark," Lee admonished, finishing his drink.

Alex twinged slightly, knowing that for all their platitudes he was after all an outsider and he could not help but feel a mixture of envy and relief at the knowledge.

Mark lifted his glass in the air, crying, "Where's our good man in the red jacket? Time is flying and I refuse to be sober when Alex goes. *If* he goes." A waiter came bustling up to the table. "My good fellow, we shall all have another delightful round."

Everybody laughed, but Alex felt a little uncomfortable. He wished Mark didn't have to be so loud. But the group had always moved as though they were in some glass bubble, and nobody on the outside really meant a damn.

"Well, people have come and people have gone," Lee said to the table in general, "but we six have certainly been through the whole campaign these last few months." That was very true, Alex reflected. For the greater part of a year, they had acted as a unit, no one of them was invited to a party without the other five. And as Alex sat there before them in the cocktail lounge of the San Francisco airport, he felt like an accountant at the office adding up the faces before him and placing them in the credit column. It had been that way practically from the very beginning.

It had been several months after he and George Leatherbee, an associate at the office whom he had met, had moved into the cottage they were renting in Carmel, that George had taken advantage of a drunken invitation offered by Mark one night to a party at Chris's. Christine Allison lived alone in a cottage a few doors down from their own. The group, led by Mark, decided that they should get to know the new neighbors, but Alex had begged off and gone to bed.

George the next morning was visibly excited. Alex was finishing getting dressed and George was out in the kitchen brewing up some coffee.

"My God, Alex. What a deal."

"A good group?"

"Listen to this. This girl, Christine Allison, lives alone in that cottage and throws the greatest parties you can imagine, if last night was any criterion."

"What time did you get in? I didn't hear anything," Alex said coming into the living room.

"Oh, I staggered in about three thirty." 'Staggering' was somewhat of an exaggeration for in the short time he had known George, Alex had never known him to be drunk. George was too careful.

"Apparently this sort of thing goes on constantly. What I could gather, Chris throws most of the parties herself."

"Oh, it's Chris, is it?"

"Ho ho, my boy, I haven't told you the best part." George came into the living room smiling, bearing two cups of coffee. "Miss Allison is an heiress to some family fortune in San Francico. But she's on a voluntary exile down here in Carmel."

"Very attractive?"

"Oh, so-so, no raving beauty." George sat back sipping his coffee thoughtfully.

It was all very pat, Alex mused. George the mover was all set for a new campaign. Alex liked George from the moment he had met him and their friendship had easily become one of mutual trust. He had been greatly surprised when George had intimated his family was Jewish. For the name, the sharply chiseled features and a natural gregariousness belied any racial characteristics. Alex appreciated the peculiar freedom the West coast offered to one who decided that perhaps his key would open other doors.

"What are you smiling about?"

"Well, George, I was just thinking. Maybe we ought to throw up some curtains in the bedroom. I mean it isn't every day we have an heiress to entertain."

"Your confidence, my good man, is most reassuring, but the heiress seems more interested in drinking than anything else. Boy, can she put'em away." He paused a moment, then perplexed, said, "It really seems like a very tight group, and they're a funny group. I mean they aren't a Greenwich Village type, although one is effeminate as hell. God, he's funny." George chuckled to himself. "This guy Mark has the most mobile face you've ever seen. He's the one who came up and invited us. But I don't have the impression that they are very socially prominent, with the exception of Chris. Oh, and there is one other girl who's pretty attractive," and he smiled, adding, "and is she naive."

"Ah, Lord bless and keep her virgin soul," Alex intoned, "watch over it and guard it, for verily it saileth in dangerous waters."

"Ach. Come off it Alex."

"George. I've told you before. You are one of the most virile people I've ever met."

"Yes. Yes. Oh, by the way Alex, I've told them all about you and they really want to meet you."

It had been another week before Alex had accepted the invitation.

"At long last, Alexander Crane. We had almost resorted to a full scaled kidnapping in order to get you down here, having heard so much about you." Christine waved Alex to a place next to her on the couch. At the same time she instructed a young man standing next to her to refill her glass.

The cottage was the same as theirs, though the inexpensive furniture was tastefully arranged and a large collection of books along one wall dominated the room. Her manner was very natural and relaxed and the gentleness of her voice added to the unexpected pleasure of his meeting her. There were a fair number of people who came in and out of the cottage and Alex was introduced to each of them. He had the feeling of being an envoy, being presented to the court. As the evening wore on and the conversation flowed evenly, Alex knew that he and Chris would be very good friends. George had been right about her drinking though, and Alex felt a little perplexed about it.

Later in the evening they were discussing a contemporary artist when suddenly Don lurched over to the sofa and sat heavily on the floor before them. Though he waved his glass carelessly, he didn't spill a drop.

"Well," he started drunkenly, "well, itsha god damn shame. I tell you, itsha god damn shame . . . "He looked at Chris, "What a pretty pretty dress you have my dear."

"Thank you Don, dear. But what is a shame?"

"Thas certainly a pretty dress." Then focusing on Alex, he muttered, "You like your friend George? No, you don't look like your friend George. You look pretty tweedy . . . but you don't look like a sonofabitch."

"Don!"

"Alright, alright," he said, struggling to his feet. "Thas still a pretty dress." And he weaved out to the kitchen.

Alex glanced around the room looking for George.

"I think he and Meg stepped out for a breath of fresh air," Chris said smiling. Then touching him on the shoulder, she said, "Alex, I think you should mention to George tomorrow that Meg and Don are . . ."

"Yes, I know. I will."

"I'm sure," she went on, "that he wasn't aware of the situation. But

I must say I'm a little surprised at Meg. She's so very innocent that it's really charming. We call her 'Sweetness and Light'."

"They're not engaged, are they?" asked Alex.

"No. I suspect they will be shortly." She was silent for a moment. "They are a very fortunate couple . . . to be so in love." Alex looked at her fixedly for a moment.

"But please do remember to speak to George. I wouldn't want to see any antagonism – that sort of thing is so tiresome." Then she chuckled, "He certainly is virile, isn't he?" And she finished her drink.

The noise of the cocktail lounge and the strain of waiting for the plane that would take him back to the East coast made Alex increasingly nervous for he had been lighting one cigarette after the other.

"Do you have a cigarette, Alexander Crane?"

He gave one to Chris and offered her a light.

"Remind me to get another pack before I take off."

They looked at each other. With an awkward movement he placed his hand on hers. Suddenly he became aware of Mark's voice rising from the other end of the table.

". . . that's how it is, I'm telling you. That's exactly how it is." He waved his arm in the direction of Meg and Don. "Take 'Sweetness and Light'. One tear, mind you, one tear and the white knight there leaps off his charger and drops to his knees before her."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Don said defensively. He refortified himself with a drink.

"Oh, you lovely virgins," Mark cried, laughing shrilly. It was an old gambit, even to the blushing, but Alex smiled uncomfortably. Chris removed her hand and finished her drink.

"Alright Mark," Don said feebly, "have another drink."

"What Lee and I want to know," Mark went on, "is just how *do* you go about getting a pretty young thing." Then, snickering, he added, "I'll bet George could tell us. By God, I'll bet George *could* tell us."

Alex started.

"Oh, shut up Mark." Christine said.

Alex's mind raced with a kaleidoscope of words, trying to find something to change the conversation that had assumed a leering personality.

"Where is George, by the way," Lee asked.

As the moaning whistle of a train pierces the night announcing the inevitable arrival, Alex's stomach tightened.

"I thought he'd be here to at least see you off, Alex."

"He wanted to, but there is a cocktail and dinner party at the Forington's and so he couldn't make it," Alex answered quietly.

"Oh," said Mark exaggeratingly, "he's at the *Foureengton's*. I say he's hitting that ladder two rungs at a time."

"Oh forget about George," Chris said.

Yes, Alex thought, forget about George. Just have another drink and forget about George. He excused himself from the table after finishing his drink. Noting the other empty glasses he thought, for no reason at all, that they were probably waiting for him to finish before ordering another round. Moving swiftly through the lounge toward the door marked 'Gentlemen' he tried to decide whether he wanted another drink. Inside the men's room he lit a cigarette, his hand shaking slightly. Forget about George. It was impossible. Somehow, that afternoon had never left him.

It had been quiet on the street that day. As he approached the door to Chris's cottage he mused that in the last few months he had spent more time there than in his own. He opened the door and called out. It was quite still. Checking the rooms, he decided that she had gone out, and with a slight twinge of disappointment, his first that day, left and went back up the street.

A purse and an overcoat were strewn on the couch in the living room. The door to the bedroom was closed, but a necktie hanging from the doorknob caught Alex's eyes. Perplexed, he went over to it. He tried the door but it would only open part of the way, for something on the other side was jammed against it.

"How curious," he muttered, pushing harder until the gap had widened a bit further. Suddenly George's head appeared and Alex saw that he didn't have a shirt on.

"Alex, my boy," George said intently, "I've got a sick friend in here."

"Oh? Can I do . . ." Then he saw the purse and the overcoat. Looking directly into George's eyes, he saw the purse and the overcoat. The night before he had had to drive back to Whitney's Bar because Chris had left the purse under her chair.

"Oh," he said, and quietly closed the door and went out again to the quiet afternoon. Not until much later that evening, just before they stopped serving him, did his eyes well up with tears but he didn't cry.

"United Air Lines Flight 807, non-stop to New York, boarding at Gate 4. Thank you."

Rarely did Alex finish a drink so thankfully. Lee said that Alex and Chris' drinks were on him. They all stood up. Mark needed Lee's support. Meg kissed him, took out a handkerchief and dabbed her eyes. Don shook his hand manfully and brusquely wiped his eye with the other one. Then Mark lunged toward him and gripped his hand, the irresponsible muscles in his face matched the futile inexpressibility of his words. And then they were alone.

"Gate four. Here you are Alexander Crane, Gate four. For what?"

"Chris . . ."

"Alex, I love you."

"Chris . . ."

"No Alex. Don't say anything. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you that I guess. But I wanted you to know . . . in spite of everything."

"Please Chris. Don't. I know." In desperation he pulled her toward him and her head rested on his shoulder.

"Goodbye Alexander." Her muffled voice seemed so distant. "Just say goobye. Don't say you're coming back. Don't tell me that you'll send for me." She was crying softly. "I'm sorry. I tried so hard to make this uncomplicated. Just say goodbye, and tell me you'll drop me a line when you get a chance . . ."

"Can I have your ticket, please?" The airline attendant waited with outstretched hand.

Chris broke from Alex. "Goodbye, Alexander Crane." She turned on her heel and without looking back, disappeared into the terminal.

Peter V. D. Fish

Thelonious Monk

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Stephen Crockett

Frog Days

Days were sleep-walked through
and night a dream-world tustle
that pins the moon to give
to mid-noon-dawnings
that spill five-minute arctic days
to a golden flush
beneath the butter-cup chins
whose magnet toy
pulls the sun out with a pole
that casts off the bright button
not so soon forgotten
and with a pebble-stuck ripple
spreads unicorned wrinkles
over the ageless "Bobiks"
who green thumb their wild grass way
through the child-world of
the-never-look-behinds

let the Sun hit you on the chin

Stephen Crockett

Around The Capstan Go

Swing away! Swing ho!
A round the capstan go!

Men in a round to a red-horned chanter's call
that beckons all below the sea
The line draws taut
as do their lives
measured steeps are slowed
The anchor pulls against their souls
Swing away!

The chants are changed to shifting seas
and chafe against a wavering will
A man gives in
the beat is missed
the line pays out
The chanter's song is light yet of the dark
Swing ho!

His broken body committed to the deep
unknowing youth fills vacancies
To age in beat
to strain alone
to die in line
The chanter smiles but keeps the pace
Around the capstan go!

Malcolm Lloyd

A Slight Mishap

Mr. Hemple was in the middle of the latest Berlin crisis when the lights went out. A momentary power failure in the subway was not, however, an unusual occurrence; and Mr. Hemple waited with experienced patience for the train to start again, his *Times* spread wide and immobile before him, his eyes staring calmly at nothing. Not until he had maintained this rather absurd position for over five minutes did he realize that something was wrong.

Meticulously collapsing the generous expanse of the first section into a neat little roll, Mr. Hemple reflected that such gross inefficiency was really unheard of, that the subway system was finally collapsing under the compound burden of fifty uninterrupted years of scandalous graft, and that a five minute wait in total darkness was a damn nuisance. Finally, tucking the paper carefully under his right arm, he ventured to survey the situation.

The car, he discovered, had not been condemned to total invisibility. Although the tunnel lights outside seemed to have failed along with the train, one feeble emergency bulb was glowing at the end of the aisle, bringing his almost completely inscrutable environment into vague relief. Above his head a ventilator fan gave one final creak before momentum abandoned it entirely and it ceased to revolve.

Mr. Hemple had no idea who his fellow passengers were, or or what they looked like. During his daily morning journey from Flushing to Manhattan it was his invariable custom to spread the *Times* wide before him and lose himself in the oblivion of world politics. Consequently, he was hardly ever aware that there *were* any other passengers. Now, however, he could not very well ignore the fact. Not only were vague bodies of more or less humanoid form visible, hanging from straps, clinging to poles, and slouching against the automatic doors; but a distinct odor of dirt, perspiration, and cheap cosmetics was beginning to permeate the atmosphere. Aside from the symphonic undertones of two hundred pairs of lungs all wheezing exhausted air into the already stale cloud which was slowly enveloping him, Mr. Hemple heard not a sound.

Another five minutes passed. An almost subliminal muttering was beginning to arise from various concerned passengers when, at the forward end of the car, the door slid open and a hefty shadow appeared. The shadow, apparently a conductor, mournfully recited something about a power failure, admonished the crowd to remain calm, and ended with a doleful announcement that there was no cause for concern. It then proceeded blindly down the aisle, walked into a post, gave voice to a single four-letter expletive, and so disappeared into

the next car. In his wake rose a quite literally overwhelming sigh of relief.

Mr. Hemple was now for the first time genuinely concerned. He leaned nervously towards the bulk on his left.

"Excuse me," he whispered, "but have you any idea where we are?"

"In the tunnel," a Bronxish voice returned.

"But *where* in the tunnel?"

"In the East River Tunnel, I'm telling you."

"Oh," said Mr. Hemple, sitting back in something of a daze. The possibilities of the situation suddenly seemed quite enormous.

Mr. Hemple worked at Doubleday Books, where his hot-house accent, obvious distaste for the customers, and general lack of manners had quickly made him the shop's outstanding young sales-clerk. His capacity for protracted and total ennui was the envy of all his associates. Nevertheless, Mr. Hemple had a secret weakness, a rococco, quite outrageously romantic imagination, which, despite years of training in the dissection of modern literature, had never been successfully stifled. In the increasingly foetid air of the stalled subway teain, his imagination proceeded to do its worst.

Asphyxiation. With sly delight imagination toyed delicately with the idea for a moment, then zeroed in for the kill, etching the gruesome scene in lavish technicolor brilliance. The Lexington Avenue Station was jammed with reporters, hospital attendants, maintenance men, and police. Outside a blood-thirsty crowd of semi-morons waited entranced for the first bodies to be rushed across the sidewalk into the gaping doorway of a squat, ugly Bellevue ambulance. At a nearby newsstand the headlines screamed THOUSANDS DIE UNDER EAST RIVER. Slowly the train ground to a halt in the safety of the station. Too late! It was naught but a steel mausoleum, a sullen fluorescent tomb for two thousand hideous, purple-faced cadavers . . .

Mr. Hemple took out a pocket handkerchief and dusted his invisible shoes with trembling hands. Voices had begun to rise to a more audible level. Across the aisle a man and woman were playing twenty questions. At the rear of the car a group of hoodlums were alternately skuffling and telling filthy stories. Mr. Hemple, with a painful mental wrench, decided to review the mounting crisis from which he had been diverted at the time of the disaster.

Oh, for the luxurious impersonal calm of the diplomatic fray, the safety and sanity of clashing institutions, the codified remoteness of the balance of power. Mr. Hemple lingered lovingly over the delicate billows of the Eniwetok films, mentally traced the positions of the air corridors and the delegations, speculated on reports that mines had been laid beneath the Brandenburg Gate. Was it true, he wondered, that the

mayor had been assassinated in yesterday's riots? Reuters said yes, Associated Press no. Had the entire Ethiopian delegation really been massacred, and their hides used for blackout curtains? Mr. Hemple thought it likely. The Emperor's proposal that Berlin be administered by a fifty power commission composed entirely of darkies had not been politic.

"Does it have claws?"

"No. Nineteen."

"A beak?"

"Twenty. You lose."

"So what is it?"

"Imitation mink, silly!"

Mr. Hemple could not concentrate. Gone was the intricate Olympian calm, the subtle minuet of European banditry. The cesspool darkness of the stalled subway returned with a rush, leaving Mr. Hemple a sodden, quivering mass of ganglia. The August heat had penetrated even this miserable subaqueous burrow, and Mr. Hemple's slightly-too-tight suit felt like chain mail. At the end of the car the hoodlums had ceased to skuffle, and were instead devoting their attentions to a group of young ladies, consumptive little things of a class which styled itself "bright young career women. Two elderly gentlewomen a little down the way from Mr. Hemple were discussing an article on child-bearing in the latest *McCall's*. Complaints were becoming rife.

"How long we gonna stay here," the Bronxish voice queried.

"I really couldn't venture to guess," said Mr. Hemple.

"What?"

"Nothing.

There would undoubtedly be a riot. Mr. Hemple listened apprehensively to the cacaphony of shiftings, stirrings, wheezings, and mutterings which surrounded him. How did a good riot start, he wondered, glancing surreptitiously about. He tried desperately to recall the more lurid details of the Coconut Grove disaster, but to no avail. Unconsciously shrinking away from the reeking bulk which hang from the strap in front of him, Mr. Hemple decided that a woman would start it. Silly bitch. He could just picture her, sobbing quietly, then giggling, rocking back and forth in her seat. There's always one, he reflected.

"We're all going to die," she said, "like rats! A pack of rats, dirty, filthy rat all dead and rotten. Isn't that funny?" Her voice began to rise whole octaves with each succeeding word. "I think it's funny. Dead rats!" She giggled and lapsed into silence. Somewhere further down the car there was a stifled moan. The rustlings and wheezings in the crowd took on a more menacing air. "Let me out," the woman suddenly screamed. "I have to get out let me out dead rats!" She leapt at the

door and began pounding at it insanely, knocking an old woman down in the process. A man began to struggle with the woman at the door, putting an inadvertant end to the old woman's terrified screams by stepping on her stomach. Another man joined the struggle at the door. The old woman sat up in a daze, and was just beginning to whimper when suddenly the car was a mass of screaming, scratching, struggling lunatics.

Fools, thought Mr. Hemple, proles, irrational beasts. If they would only wait, calmly and rationally, there would be no cause for alarm. At this very moment engineers were no doubt laboring in some shattered conduit, desperately trying to save these maddened animals from their own folly. Mr. Hemple philosophized maudlinly over the irrationality of mankind. If the blind would only see, the uneducated have faith. If they but trusted the men who knew, the glorious vanguard of man's inevitable march towards perfection, then would utopia indeed be a reality. Mr. Hemple yearned helplessly for the dawn of the new age, when every man would be a transcendent combination of Albert Einstein, C. G. Jung, and Jean Paul Sartre. Mr. Hemple, in short, went slightly insane.

The panic grew worse. The air was filled with the crash of shattered glass, the crunch of shattered bones, the screams of trampled women and children. Increasingly vivid scenes of horror flashed past Mr. Hemple's unseeing eyes. He was swept from one end of the train to the other on the crest of a savage tide of howling humanity. His feet careened crazily about in the slimy puddles of crimson blood beneath him.

"Will you hold still," grated the Bronxish voice.

"What?"

"Hold still, already. You make me nervous."

Mr. Hemple clutched his attache case with renewed vigor and endeavored to stop shaking. The couple across the aisle had given up on twenty questions and were now engaged in a cut-throat game of "Who am I?" The two gentlewomen had switched from child-bearing to casseroles. There was nothing but a suspicious silence, punctuated by an occasional giggle, emenating from the area occupied by the smart young career women. Mr. Hemple dug in and prepared for the worst.

The following two hours were without previous parallel in the life of the young clerk. The roof of the tunnel fell in at least twice. The filthy water of the East River crept slowly up past the level of the windows, relegating the passengers to a fluid grave, over a dozen times. Banditry and rape were prevalent. And always, with startling regularity, there were riots of the most bloody and barbaric order. Mr. Hemple descended all seven circles of Hell and arrived on the floor

miraculously transformed from a rather snotty bookstore clerk into a slobbering mental incompetent.

A child had just begun to whine at the front of the car, the lady across the aisle had finally revealed that she was Lucrezia Borgia, and Mr. Hemple was on the verge of making a dash for the door himself, when the lights suddenly went on. By the time a hundred newspapers had been unfolded and the girls at the rear of the car had hurriedly straightened their garments, the train was once more rolling through the tunnel. The source of the Bronxish voice, an extremely gross laundress, unfolded a copy of *Hollywood Peep* and promptly began to lap up the dirt. Mr. Hemple spent a desperate minute tracking down loose ends and reglazing his somewhat bedraggled facade.

There had been no riot. Mr. Hemple's initial surge of relief took on nauseous overtones. The inexhaustible capacity for dissatisfaction which perpetually hounds civilized men was already at work. *Why* had there been no panic? Folls, thought Mr. Hemple, proles, irrational beasts. Sitting in a very nearly poisonous subway car like so many hog-tied sacrificial votives, the clods had done nothing more than chew their cuds. Mr. Hemple almost wretched. Two thousand globs of grease waiting patiently to be lugged out into the open like a trainload of fertilizer — the very thought was sickening. Mr. Hemple began to philosophize maudlinly over the irrationality of mankind.

David W. Sifton

venice — by san marco

come sit and let us drink coffee
by the living green stone
gives the pitzacado elegance
of a crooked smile
whose corner unwilling turned upward
like a river pushed up a hill

at a table in venice have i sat
smiling from smile to smile
like dogs following each others
tails

going no where a guide calls out
what was
still is
but dry
as a sahara of glass heart

the sun in venice which couches in lido tires early
of the day
the tourmelline touched steels
and the last rays of warmth are swallowed
in the shower of shades

cast from the day-golden paps of the many-breasted
hermanphrodite

sit close to me
there's a chill in the air.

Paul H. Briger

"Nicholas"

Nicholas McCann sat restlessly on the Paoli Local. The trip from school to Philadelphia had been long and wearing; its evidence was apparent in a certain lassitude about the young man's eyes and mouth. It caused his quiet, well-bred good looks to appear more mature than his eighteen years could bear account.

As the train approached the station at Bryn Mawr, Nicholas leaned forward in his seat and looked anxiously out of the window. Seeing nothing that caught his eye, he sat back into his seat and a faint self-conscious grin took the corners of his mouth upward.

Upon descending from the train, he scanned the railway platform, scrutinizing each proximal face for recognition. None were familiar. He was glad no one had been there to recognize him. He wished to have a drink before going home. The trip has taken its toll on his energies and left him in an unappetizing lethargy. A drink would be sure to raise his spirits. It would put him in good humor. He wanted to be delightful on entering his home. To show how sophisticated and scintillating his first few months at college had left him. He hurriedly left the station and made his way across the street to a bar which boasted in purple neon, having Michelob on tap. The bar was low and Nicholas enjoyed the contrast between him and the few shabby patrons that were gathered there. He deliberated between a mixed drink or straight bourbon. He decided upon a shot, believing its effect would be more rapid.

"I'd like a shot of bourbon, please", he said to the bartender and turned away slightly so as not to show the momentary embarrassment which made his eyes dilate.

The bartender noticed the look before Nicholas could fully turn away.

"Are ya twenty-one, kid?", he asked in a manner that meant he felt the question to be unnecessary.

"You bet", said Nicholas confidently, as he reached for his wallet. He removed a standard draft card.

"Lemme see", said the bartender, brusquely taking the card from the boy's hand.

"Humm . . . Rodman Painter . . . born 1939."

Why must boors read out loud, thought Nicholas to himself.

"What date", asked the bartender abruptly.

January third", replied Nicholas.

"Okay, ya got it . . . shot of bourbon. Any particular kind?"

"Harper's"

He gave Nicholas the drink and returned to the other end of the bar to resume a languorous discussion with two men.

Nicholas drank the whiskey. After managing to control his taut facial muscles, he called, "Another".

"What are ya, a drunk?" shouted the bartender.

Nicholas didn't answer but watched the large man reluctantly leave the stool upon which he was sitting and make his way laboriously down to the section of the bar where Nicholas was seated.

The bartender poured the bourbon into the empty glass, all the while muttering audibly but untelligibly to himself. Nicholas swallowed the second shot and placed a dollar on the bar. The effect of the alcohol was satisfactory. Nicholas felt its warm, biting strength work its way down into his system, filling it, he thought, with vitality. He felt his tired, sagging facial muscles tighten, come alive and vibrant.

The bartender looked up as he left, and turned to the men and shook his head paternalistically.

"These kids . . . They got no reason . . . just throw around the old man's dough".

The two shook their heads in mute accord.

Nicholas hailed a cab outside the bar and directed the driver to take him to Spotted-Turtle Road and that he would point out the house. He lit a cigarette and took a long drag, slowly letting the smoke out through pursed lips.

His face grew grim. He was annoyed at himself for taking a drink. It was just what they would do before they had to meet the inevitable; it was just what he did. He had to drink to face April and convince himself that he enjoyed her company – to tolerate her dearth of stimulation – to compensate for her prattle. He had to drink to take the City Café – its smell, the god-damned peons who drank there. He had to drink to take most of his friends. God, Nicholas McCann, blood, spit image of Roger and Belinda McCann; no matter how loud his protestations, he was the fruit of their union. How he hated them in himself – how he hated himself – how much he was them.

By the time he had a taken four drags, he was halfway down his cigarette and approached a large modified Tudor house which had their name, McCann, on the postbox.

What had he called it, "a politely pretentious incoherent pile of bastard Tudor." "Bastard Tudor", that's what horrified Belinda. "Why it's lovely, she cried to hear her son disparage her last citadel.

After paying the cab driver, he went up to the large oak door. There was no response to either one of his first two rings but upon the third, the door opened and a red-faced woman stepped briskly out into the chill night. She looked at him intently in an effort to place him.

"You must be Mister Nicholas", she said suddenly. "I recognize ya from your picture. I'm Katherine, the new maid."

"Hello, Katherine", he said and entered the Regency vestibule.

"Your parents are at the Thayers . . . for a cocktail party . . . They weren't expectin' ya, at least, they didn't tell . . ."

"How are my parents", he asked, interrupting her sentence.

"They're fine . . . fine . . . oh, yes, they're fine".

"I'll be in the library when they come in", he told her.

A maid a week, he thought. Belinda was too intolerant of the product of her own impatience. She hired and fired when servants failed to comply with her unexpressed demands.

Nicholas closed the French doors behind him and looked around the room fitted indifferently with volumes bound in leather and those covered with the gaudy fly leafs of best sellers. He went over to the overstuffed twin couches that lay parallel to each other and perpendicular to the tall Elizabethan fireplace. He threw himself down on one of them, sinking into the soft sea green billows. He watched the flickering light of the fire play and tease the moulding around the ceiling of the room, contemplating going to the Thayers. What was the point in going. The same damn thing. The Thayer's party could have been held at any one of the houses of any one of the guests present without any particularly noticeable change. The only thing that made the party somewhat unique was, first, of course, the physical fact that it was held at Blueberry Meadow and not at another house, and, secondly, and more essential was that the Thayers served a bitter shell fish canapé which everyone but Mrs. Thayer detested.

But behind his remonstrances, he knew that Essie Thayer would be there. Essie would be "coming out" at Christmas and Mrs. Thayer was pushing Nicholas as possibly one of her daughter's escorts. Nicholas didn't care for Essie and she was indifferent to him – but this was his first eligible year and his only possibility in Philadelphia as she was the last girl he dated before going off to Yale. He cursed himself as he changed into a dark suit; he cursed himself as he drove to Paoli where the Thayers lived. He cursed himself for wanting deeply to take part in the Christmas festivities even though he argued vociferously for untold hours with all sorts of people as to inanity of débuts–their "God-damned pettiness and cheap snobbery."

Belinda McCann was drinking scotch with three of her lifelong compatriots in the long dining room in which a movable bar had been set up in order to avoid crowding in the library. Close by, with a group of men, stood Roger McCann.

Nicholas thought his mother extremely attractive in a tailored wool dress touched at the collar with a gold circle pin, studded with a small

diamond which seemed to be a concession to her maturity. From a certain angle, or in a certain light, she looked like some pretty young thing from Bennett or Smith. It was not so much in her outward appearance but, rather, in her way of speaking—loosely and blithely; and in her manner of movement which had the awkward grace of one not long out in adult society.

"I tell you, Grace", she said, directing her conversation to a particular acquaintance, "Roger and I visited Cassandra Sears in Locust Valley last week and, believe me, the North Shore is not what we knew it to be. Why it's over run with a grim profusion of two by four collier huts and a whole lot of grimmer people. And the most horrible thing is, is some horrid little man bought up Asher Benedict's place to turn it into a Levittown for all kinds of hairy things."

"Oh no, Belinda" . . . said one of the women with a benumbed look of horror, "not Asher's".

"Can you just imagine, where we had such grand times turned over . . . turned over to . . . well, practically anything," continued Belinda McCann.

Belinda McCann was affected by the scotch and her effect was to become sentimental of her pre-marital days when she and the Eastern seaboard were more or less virgin territory. The more sentimental she would become, the more her intonation and choice of words began to resemble the inept conversation of the undergraduate who has so much to say and so few means open to her for expression.

"Darling", she said to Grace who had lived next door to her in Cold Spring Harbor, a closer friend than the other two women, who although had summered on Long Island in their youth, lived on the Eastern shore rather than the North Shore, "do you remember when Asher's parents came back from Venice . . .".

"Oh, God, yes . . . The Venetian Ball".

"Remember", continued Mrs. McCann, "seventy-five for dinner before the ball . . . and everyone had their own liveried footman right in back of their chair. I'll never forget May Whelan . . . remember that blushing bundle of southern womanhood – how she got that automatic crush on her footman and how her parents found their slightly tarnished magnolia behind a boxwood. Ha . . . Ha."

Belinda McCann let out a resonant, deepthroated laugh, complemented by the hardly less hardy laughs of her three friends. Their pleasure was met with understanding smiles and a few indulgent smiles revealing a broad and universal sympathy.

Nicholas enjoyed watching his mother dominate her group and he smiled in spite of himself as he stood by the door to the room watching her.

"And, my dears", she went on, "I understand from Mr. Benedict later on that previous to the incident, when he was showing the Whelans around the gardens, Mrs. Whelan blushed at a Rodin".

"Belinda, you're marvelous, absolutely marvelous. Why it seems almost yesterday".

"Why, Lisa, it was yesterday", Belinda McCann said, as if the event in question really had taken place the day before.

Nicholas approached his mother. "Hello, lover", she said.

"Hello, Belinda", said Nicholas. His father noticed him and walked over to where his wife and son were standing.

"Hello, Roger".

"How are you, Nicky", asked his father.

"Fine thank-you, Sir".

"Lovely suit you have on, Nicky", his mother said. "Looks as if they are teaching you something at college".

"Thank-you".

"By the way", she added, "You haven't been kicked out of school, have you? I mean being home and all".

"No, Mother. It's Thanksgiving vacation".

"Thanksgiving vacation . . . why we never had Thanksgiving off at Saint Tim's".

"Colleges do", said Mr. McCann with a pedantic glow.

"Well, dear, I wouldn't know; I never stayed around college long enough to find out what they do at Thanksgiving."

They all laughed, and, thus, having set up relationships once again, Nicholas was equipped with a drink and he joined his father in the conversation in which he had been previously occupied.

In his proximity to his mother, he heard her sharp tongue. He thought she was really so crude but yet people sought her company. And yet it was explainable for she was a Dolphin of the Dolphins and anywhere in the white world, that name still moved the impressionable and not so impressionable to awe or interest. So unstable in herself, she was a remnant of a great heritage and strong tradition, one of courage, ability, and, of course, astounding wealth. Some wondered aloud why she married Roger McCann. She could have done so much better – people still said it. Not that he was entirely bankrupt in social prerequisites – but he was several rungs below her in any respect. And his mother was a Roman Catholic from some ambiguous political family – bar politicians and the like. It was always considered more a good catch than a good match, in spite of the fact that in several large generations of descendents, Belinda's share of the Dolphin abundance was only adequate.

"Page Dunning . . . remember Page? She came with that semetic-

looking bearded wonder and everybody was as nasty as hell because we all thought he was some jew merchant."

"Of course," said her friend, eagerly as if she had found a key word in a cross-word puzzle. "What holy hell it was when we found out that he was a Romanoff and next on line for the throne if there ever was a Romanoff throne again."

The conversation drifted by means of irrelevancies from the polite talk of memory to the not-so-polite talk of frustration.

Roger McCann, Nicholas noticed, was apprehensive as he heard the trend of his wife's conversation all the while trying to keep up the one in which he was involved.

Poor Roger, Nicholas thought. So like celluloid—so like myself, he added. The product of relatively intelligent breeding between looks and capital—and so impotent. Paulieville, Princeton, Harvard Business, tennis ad infinitum, and a respectable insignificance in his stock brokerage firm. A business built on associations, friendships, good looks, a powerful backhand, and, a social wife.

They laughed again.

The inevitable came from the other quarter.

"Roger has never been too much of a lover. He thinks the main idea of sex is procreation rather than recreation".

"Even at this stage of the game", the four women laughed.

"Don't complain, darling, at least, Roger still thinks about it, Wallace just snores".

They laughed again.

Nicholas noticed his father stiffen and rapidly take a drink.

"I haven't been to Meadow Brook since two years ago Fall", he added quickly to the conversation. Nicholas then knew that he loved the tall, handsome man whose handsomeness was so devoid of the stuff that made men – so weak – so sensitive to his weakness.

"Father, I love you, I understand – take my confidence", he wished he could say but soon his feelings of love were turned to scorn – scorn for such weakness. If he would only slap her – slap her here and now. But no, she was not any worse – it was just that her weakness took an agressive form while her husband's was passive.

In shame, Nicholas left his father to find Essie Thayer and a fresh drink. He had heard her voice earlier but had not seen her. He found her in the library with her mother.

"Good evening, Mrs. Thayer, Essie".

"Hello, Nicky – back for Thanksgiving – so nice to have you home", said Mrs. Thayer.

"Thank-you".

Shortly after, he was alone with Essie.

Why haven't I seen you, my boy," she said. "It is true – these things I hear about you and April Painter".

"I've dated her now and then". It's not love", he said.

"She's awfully cute, I met her in Bar Harbor two summers ago. A marvellous sailor – just grand."

"Yes, she is", Nicky said, not knowing if April had ever been near a boat."

"Nicky, I've been meaning to write you for some time now".

Nicholas felt it coming – with great satisfaction – the longed for and detested invitation. He saw how well he would look in white tie – how well he'd look beside Essie – both tall and handsome. How – bitch! Why not say no? She'd fall on her ass; she's scream, she'd . . .

"Yes, I'd love to escort you"

It came and it passed. He smiled wryly.

The party began to break up at nine. The McCanns were about the last to leave. They drove home at nine-thirty for a dinner planned for two hours earlier.

An antagonistic silence filled the cab of the McCann automobile for the first few moments of the trip. Roger McCann broke it. He spoke angrily in a voice several pitches higher than necessary.

"What in hell were you telling . . . I heard you . . . and so did everyone else . . . the idea, saying I'm inadequate".

"I didn't say that – exactly – and I wish you wouldn't shout." Roger replied in a louder voice and with greater anger. "Why it'll be all over Philadelphia by morning".

"Roger, I was only making small talk – and you shouldn't have been eavesdropping anyway", she said in a little girl's voice, against which Roger was helpless. Once she hid behind it, he knew his attack was futile not as a result of being seduced by it, but rather by reasonability; he knew there was no point in anger; he knew there was no point in recriminations; he knew her wall was impenetrable.

"Belinda", he said quietly, "I don't know what's wrong with you".

"Darling, she answered in her adult voice which signified she realized that her husband's attack had lost its force, "I was a bitch when you married me".

Nicholas wondered, why did he marry her? But he knew or at least understood the answer to his silent question. He knew why his father had married Belinda Dolphin and why he would marry April Painter or someone like her with another face. No, God, no, he thought suddenly – I musn't, musn't, musn't . . .

Dinner was ready two-and-a-half hours earlier. The cook had not made it more ready but had, rather, salvaged the remains. It consisted

of an undigestible melange of overcooked steak, water-weary vegetables, and a sticky, sterile pudding.

The conversation flowed in and over Nicholas and was concentrated primarily on persons and incidents involving persons present at the party earlier in the evening.

"Darling Nicky," Belinda asked, "Did you speak to Essie? She looked lovely".

"Yes, I did", he said abruptly. He hated the fact that his mother knew why he had gone to the party.

"I just can't wait to see you in tails – this'll be the first time won't it".

"Yes", he answered with a touch of bitterness. God, he could hate her, but he saw in his own mind as in her's the same handsome image which burned with alternate flames of approval and loathing. No, No.

"Nicky, don't be so horrid", Belinda said and turned to her husband who presented a less formidable facade than her son. She refused to recognize Nicholas' frequent expressions of dissatisfaction with her, with everything.

"Roger, did you speak to Alis?"

"Why, yes. What about her?"

"Well, couldn't you just tell? I mean, wasn't it so obvious?"

"I'm not quite sure what you mean, Belinda".

"Oh, Roger, you're blind. Why, ever since she had that walk-on part in that summer theatre . . . What was it? . . . "Prometheus Aground" or something like that . . . and, of course, you remember the director . . . that garlicky Italian or Greek or whatever he was . . . she took him to the Mills . . ."

Nicholas retired shortly after dinner. His sleep was disturbed by dreams. He dreamed that a man was bound to a rock and, daily, a great beautiful winged eagle came upon him and tore at his entrails. And in heaven sat Nicholas, a calm and impassive Zeus who wouldn't or couldn't lift a thunderbolt to help him. Nicholas felt the bound man's pain and it caused him to wake from sleep.

He decided to have a bourbon to help him return to sleep.

He put on his bathrobe and went down to the den. The large central hall was silent and the house lights had long since been dimmed.

Nicholas poured himself a shot glass of bourbon and drank it in a single swallow. He poured another. It went down more easily than the first and already he felt relieved.

He decided upon another.

After the third, Nicholas poured a fourth to even out the number. He raised the glass in toast. "To Belinda", he said, "To April, To Essie, To Roger, To Nicholas McCann"; and then, feeling sleepy, he lay down on the couch he'd used earlier in the evening. He stared at the egg and

dart pattern below the mantelpiece. He looked downward at the two male caryatids supporting the stack of the fireplace and whose stony eyes, sparkling softly from the glowing embers in the dying evening's fire, met his own. Their harsh faces were now mellowed; they smiled as shadows covered their day-time grimaces.

Before they closed their eyes, Nicholas had closed his own and was asleep. He was not again that night visited by harsh dreams, nor was he roused from his sound sleep, nor did he ever wake up again.

Paul H. Briger

Bonjour Tristesse

Up the star-blown night and blue
on the waterfall and mooncall of a train
or the wind-swollen sheet and the gull flown
beach when the fog horns sob,

My shadow on sun days was a sand man,
a wandering minstrel of sleepy land,
neither here nor there with his
granulated song and disappearing act.

Oh melancholy man of snow and hay
up the star blown night, alone
where are you walking now?
Strangers mock your song with snores.

I see you flicker vermillion in
the ash of the corncob bowl,
burnished black with meditation.

The geese are going south.

g h mackin

The Film Potential

Information that F.B.I. head J. Edgar Hoover is planning to investigate communist influence in Hollywood this year brings to mind the 1947, 1950 and 1951 probes by the House Committee on un-American Activities into the movie industry. The scars are still red. These investigations have stultified any attempt by our nation's cinema to grow into an art to develop its full potentialities.

After the House inquiries, 10 scenario writers were jailed for contempt of Congress after they had declined to reveal whether or not they were communists. And the hearings led to scores of actors, technicians and writers being "blacklisted" after they had been linked enough with communism to frighten their employers.

What evidence did the investigators employ in condemning the movies' subject matter?

- The House committee refused a producers' offer to examine any American picture ever made for subversion.
- Gary Cooper, who said he "turned down quite a few scripts because . . . they were tinged with communist ideas," could not cite specific examples when questioned, because he had read "most" of the offensive work "at night."[1]
- When screenwriter Dalton Trumbo wanted to put his scripts into the record "so (that) it may be known what my work is, and what the committee may seek to prevent the American people from seeing in the future,"[2] Chairman Parnell Thomas replied: "Too many pages."[3]
- Time and time again, witnesses would make vague accusations such as: "Well, if he wasn't a communist, he certainly acted like one." Pressed to define what "acting like one" meant, Adolph Menjou said: ". . . attending any meetings at which Mr. Paul Robeson appeared and applauding or listening to his communist songs . . . ."[4]
- One of the committee's star witnesses was Ginger Rogers' mother, Lela, called by Rep. John McDowell "one of the outstanding experts on communism in the United States."[5] (Lela turned down *Sister Carrie* for Ginger because it was "open propaganda."[6]) What McDowell and the rest of the committee didn't mention was the fact that their "outstanding expert was at that time being sued for a million dollars in libel and slander" by the president of the Screenwriters Guild.[7]

* * *

Soon after the investigations began, director William Wilder said that he "wouldn't be allowed to make *The Best Years of Our Lives* today. This is directly the result of the activities of the un-American Activities Committee."[8]

And producer Jack Warner, after an uncomfortable spell on the committee's witness stand, declared that he was not going to make any more pictures about "the little man."[9] (But, to give him credit, Warner had not appeared overly concerned with little men months earlier before a Hollywood sub-committee. "All these writers and actors," he complained, "want to 'Voltaire' about the freedom of the press."[10])

Hollywood's post-1947 distaste for controversy is underlined by the success small, independent producers have had in attacking social problems large companies do not dare touch. Stanley Kramer's *Home of the Brave* (1949) and *The Defiant Ones* (1958) are examples of vigorous, artistic attacks on prejudice.

The industry, after House probing, put its own damper on nonconformity. Only last year, for example, did the Oscar-awarding Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences repeal a bylaw forbidding the nomination of persons who had not cooperated with the investigators.

When Frank Sinatra wanted a veteran of skirmishes with the House committee (Albert Maltz) to write a screen adaption of the book, *The Execution of Private Slovik*, enough protest resulted for the fledgling producer to conclude that: ". . . the American public has indicated it feels that the morality of hiring Albert Maltz is the more crucial matter (more crucial, presumably, than art), and I will accept this majority opinion."[11]

When the question of whether he was a communist was put to Ring Lardner Jr., he replied: "I could answer it, but if I did I would hate myself in the morning."[12]

America itself may wake up some morning to find a bad taste in its mouth: the taste of suppression by inuendo. Majority, indeed! Unless we grant our writers the right to say what they please, how they please, the movies will continue to justify, and not pave new ways of thinking about, national mores. The House un-American Activities Committee has all but succeeded; one more blast will rip off any heads – such as Kramer's – which may be trying to take an honest peek at our society.

* * *

The American motion picture at present is a celluloid rationale for our collective foibles. But it can, and should, be better than this.

For film, as no other art, has the power to completely immerse us in its confines. In the theatre, we must remain spectators. Try as we will to achieve the "willing suspension of disbelief" necessary to art, we are bound by the proscenium or the circular stage. But the movies can show us all of life; we can be involved in anything the camera can see. The great Russian director, Sergei Eisenstein, was the most articulate

exponent of the possibilities of the cinematic art. Here he writes:

> How easily the cinema is able to spread out in an equal graphic of sound and sight the richness of actuality and the richness of its controlling forces, compelling the theme more and more to be born through the process of cinematographic narrative, written from a position of emotion indivisible from the feeling and thinking man.
>
> This is not a task for the theatre. This is a level above the "ceiling" of its possibilities. And when it wishes to leap over the limits of these possibilities it also, no less than literature, has to pay the price of its life-like and realistic qualities. It has to retire into immateriality . . . [13]

The cinema can evoke a particular mood or impression more quickly and more positively than can any other medium. Take this scene from Joseph von Sternberg's *The Blue Angel* (presently on view at New York's Eighth Street Theatre), made in 1930. A professor, Emil Jannings, has married a small-time singer, Marlene Dietrich. Backstage, he is helping her to put on her makeup for the first time. She tells him her curling iron is too hot, will he cool it off for her? Jannings tests it against a calendar, and the iron burns through a couple of dates. The iron keeps on burning through the dates, and suddenly four years have passed. In a matter of seconds, then, Sternberg has shown us the changeless mediocrity of the couple's life, preparing us for a subsequent tragic denouement.

Movies have been a vital force in criticizing national faults. The furor aroused by Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* (1941), which concerns a newspaper mogul whose character closely paralleled that of the late William Randolph Hearst, proved that the public will buy seats to a "message" film if it is interesting enough. But producers scared of the little man will never dare to test this fact.

During the investigations, producers were asked, in so many words, if they didn't think it would be a good idea to make anti-communist films.[14] This would be just as wrong, of course, as making a pro-communist picture.

For art cannot be "pro" or "anti" anything. If it is, it is to that extent not art. Art, cinematic or otherwise, says what it wants to say, how it wants to say it. If we do not grant that point, America, not Russia, will be the injured party.

Bill Kirtz

FOOTNOTES

1 *Hearings before the Committee on un-American Activities,* House of Representatives. Eightieth Congress, first session (regarding the Communist Infiltration of the Motion Picture Industry, Oct. 20-24, 27-30, 1947. U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1947. p. 220.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 331

3. *Ibid.*, p. 332

4. *Ibid.*, p. 104

5. *Ibid.*, p. 237.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 233

7. *Ibid.*, p. 445

8. Arthur Knight. *The Livliest Art.* Mentor, New York City, 1957. p. 247.

9. *Ibid.*

10. "Hearings," op. cit., p. 40 (before the subcommittee, Los Angeles, May 15, 1947).

11. *Contact,* "The Non-Existent Man," Sausalito, California, Oct. 1960. p. 95.

12. "Hearings," op. cit., p. 482.

13. Sergei Eisenstein. *Film Form* (Jay Leyda ed. and trans.) Meriden Books, New York City, 1957. pp. 185-186.

14. See testimony in "Hearings," op. cit., of Jack C. Warner, p. 7; Louis Burt Mayer, p. 69.

Poem

1

You must not ask
Why we collapse against the city-
Tapering winds. It is
Better not to realize our
Plumes are no longer infatuated
With moon-drift winds,
And those were infatuated years,
And leave it at that.
The tapering prose of our lustre-
Less hair has been consumed
In far-sapphire nights;
The roots have turned to iceland
Stars – and winter reminds us
Of it all.

And even in spring,
If I should slip down spring's
Dawn-halter with my arctic fingers,
Groping for more than a glimpse
Of flushing buds, how
Far does spring go?
(how far, is the only,
question, in my concession
to women; how far the power
of effulgent yearning
in their seductive possession).

2

They say the flamingo will
Upturn gracefully upon
Florida's sun-land winds,
And yet is extinct, really,
On those same sands. (He will
Dream too, someday, of his
Lustred feathers, infatuated
With lunar flights.)

Wingful of spring,
Take me back through flamingo's
Nuclear loves when he is high
Above the skies. Nor must you
Interrupt again, darling, why we are
Collapsing against the white atheist
of winter.

Lou Renza

Rhyme and Rhythm

Both rhyme and rhythm are concerned with specific stimuli and their effects on man as the receptor. The two terms have been present in language for many centuries, though they have had a nebulous existence. Only in the present century of pragmatic approach have both rhyme and rhythm developed true meaning.

The search for a definition of rhythm, for instance, shows clearly man's progressive attempt to consolidate and systematize. Several types of definitions have been offered in the past, and many of these are still adhered to. E. A. Sonnenschein classifies these types into, "Metaphorical," when rhythm is described as a "movement" or a "march," "Negative,' when rhythm is described as something it is not, as in Professor A. Meillet opposition to the popular conception of rhythm as "involving the recurrence of a stress at regular intervals of time," and "Evasive," when rhythm is stated as dependent upon, based on, or constituted by, a defined factor.

These attempts at definition are unsatisfactory according to Mr. Sonnenschein, and he offers his definition of rhythm as "that property of a sequence of events in time which produces in the mind of the observer the impression of proportion between durations of several events or groups of events of which the sequence is composed."

One may at first be overwhelmed by such an intricate concept, yet it is the product of much thorough thought. In order to demonstrate the important part that rhythm plays in our "life-space," the question of "How is rhythm developed?" must be answered.

This question is indeed complex, for it is insolvable. One will never know when and how rhythm is introduced to the human, though perhaps a guess could be ventured. It seems logical that man's primary contact with rhythm arises from the first contraction of the cardial organ in the fetus. This cardial pounding may later represent to man a place of warmth and security such as the womb. Since it is impossible for him to return to the fetal stage, he may do so symbolically by a craving for similar regularized stimulus. The mysterious rejuvenating power of rhythm is amply expressed in Tennyson's lyric "In the Valley of Cauteretz."

More pertinent though, than the origin in demonstrating the position that rhythm holds in the personality, is its expression in our common existence. Every child has experienced the thrill of sweeping through

the air on a swing, seeing blue-green, foam-crested waves crash against the shore, or felt the desire to beat time to music.

Yet, rhythmic expression is by no means restricted to the young. In the fundamental activity of "the more sophisticated" man, rhythm is most definitely associated with pleasure. Few would contest the belief that without rhythm, successful, bi-sexual culmination would be impossible. The primative, less restricted cultures, undulating body movements, accompanied by the beat of drums, were utilized merely to instigate coition. This is most vividly described in James A. Michener's novel, "Hawaii". Indeed, rhythm is instilled in man.

Rhyme, on the other hand, is a created device. The earliest mention of rhyme is found in the writings of Aristotle. He was the "first to discover and formulate the specific power of acoustically identical endings to stimulate thought." Yet, Aristotle offered no explanation for the effect of rhyme. His remarks were mostly descriptive in nature, and therefore the functions of rhyme were still to be revealed. Even the Middle Ages had nothing to show but the elementary theory that rhyme appealed only because it was difficult to create.

The first time that the aesthetic connection appeared between rhyme and meaning was in J. S. Schutze's "Essay on Rime" (1802). Schutze persued the question, "why the similar sounds at the end of two verses produce an aesthetically enjoyable effect." He finally came to the conclusion that there is something in the nature of the human mind which causes this pleasure, or something that makes us susceptible to it. He also expressed the theory of the ability of the mind to bring two different ideas under the control of one sound.

From this starting point the concept of rhyme was developed as "the specific emotional response associated exclusively with certain physical situations," and its functions were to unify, to aid meter, and to express emotion.

Now that the modern concepts of rhyme and rhythm have been developed, perhaps we can determine their present relationship. Most recently, the value of rhyme has come under question. For some people, rhyme is synonymous with poetry, while others are painfully trying to avoid rhyme. Lanz, in "The Physical Basis of Rime," concedes that there is no real answer as to whether, in poetry, rhyme should be included or excluded. He believes, however, that by determining what effect it has on our mental condition, we shall be able to recommend using rhyme when its effects are desired, or abstaining from it when it happens to be in conflict with other legitimate aims of the poem. Let us briefly examine both aspects of the contrary opinions.

Our modern civilization seems to think that rhyme is undesirable in most cases, for it hinders rather than assists rhythm. Most frequently,

poets of today resort to free verse, and by doing so, they draw the reader's attention to the rhythm and meaning of the poem. The argument against rhyme can be divided into three sections.

First of all, rhyme hides the logical construction of the verse. The poet's imagination is hindered by his obligation to follow the chosen rhyme scheme. Without rhyme, he would be completely free to express clearly and concisely his topic.

Secondly, rhyme is though of as being merely an ornament that distracts the reader's attention from the subject matter and emotional impact of the poem.

Finally, rhyme is thought of as being a cheap metrical device, used when attempting to escape the difficulties of creating real rhythm.

These arguments are by all means valid, but they can also be readily replied to by the advocate of rhyme. To the first, one can state that the restriction of rhyme may be difficult to surmount, but no more than that of free verse. In fact, the German poet Lessing commented that it was more difficult for him to avoid rhyme than to utilize it. To the second, one can say that detraction results only from bad rhyme and not from rhyme in general. "The necessity of rhyme," says Dryden, "never forces any but the bad poet and the lazy writer to say what they would not otherwise." To the third argument, there exists a multitude of evidence proving that rhyme can most certainly aid rhythm.

Sadly the above discussion seems abortive, for no conclusion was reached. But, is this entirely so? Let us follow the parallel of rhyme and rhythm vs. revolution through the last century. We note that the Miltonian controversy took place during the English Revolution. We also find that contemporary Russian poetry is most frequently blank verse.

Why is it that unrhymed verse seems so typical of a revolutionary period. The obvious answer is that the similar endings of words do not necessarily detract from the poem, but they modify its expressed emotion. During a revolution, emotion is not meant to be weakened, but brought forth to its fullest extent. Rhyme is therefore ineffective at this time.

Lanz states, "Rime and revolution seem mutually to repeal each-other." Ann Lowells writes in "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" that America is striving toward "a more poignant sense of nationality." She believes that our generation has much to say, and that rhyme would detract from the impact. Louis Untermeyer observes that the poetry of today "is less narcotic, and more nourishment."

These are the opinions of learnéd men of the times. They are extremely aware of not only the trends in poetry, but also the motivation of our civilization. They have proven by their words that the sub-

ordinate relationship of rhyme to rhythm is a product of our environment, and that they both serve to stimulate the emotions of man.

John E. Gaines

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Bitter Pennies

One-night hotel room. Late night. Posted iron-rung bed in front of stage. In right corner rear, a chested bureau with toilet articles scattered about on top. Drawers open (some) with clothes hanging over drawer edges. In left rear, an arm chair with dirty laundry piled up, filling to a heap. In between slightly to the right of the chair, is a tall rectangular, wooden frame——mirror. Scatter rug green in front of bed, by its side, facing audience, scattering its last floor. There is a window between the mirror and bureau. No curtains but a dirty shade rolled up completely on itself. A center light with no shade hangs down over the center of the room casting its horrid bright light. Just horrid you know. As light comes on snap or snip, a figure comes on stage from door to room just behind bed on right. He goes to window and tries to pull shade down but it rolls up again. First figure:: "Oh good oh fine oh great oh grand." Tries again. Rolls up again. "Oh yah, just . . . nothing. Huh." Turns from window and steps toward bed then stops and takes grey jacket off. Rolls into a ball and then jump-shots into the chair with all the laundry. "Cousy-Bob. For two." Goes and lies down on bed. Puts hands behind head, notice blue work shirt, grey chinos, black, high, working boots, no belt. Face of figure is young-twentied, weather beaten, that of a laborer. Lies looking at the light so bright. "Hon chuck." -Puts hand over his eyes to shade from bright. "Damn it." Springs out of bed and turns light off. Entire stage in darkness. Laughter heard from figure on stage. Turns light on again. Stands looking directly into light for as long as he can stand it laughing and then no falters both in gaze and laugh. Turns back on light and takes few steps toward window. Stops. Back. Stands facing audience but looking at bed. Leans over, left hand crooked behind back, right hand dangling down in front, "Hon chuck. Hon chuck. O.K." Figure straightens up, hands together clasped in front of belly. Takes wind-up, stretching hands over head, then down and clasped. Then leans way back slowly and hurls imaginary ball with a kick of the left leg for he is a right-hander. "Strike two. O.K." Goes and sits on bed front of stage and facing the audience. Searches in shirt pocket with a look and poke. Gets cigarette and matches and then lights. "And then there was Casey at the plate with his bat in his hand, playing that all-American sport and I don't . . ." Laughs. Gets up and starts to walk to window muttering all the while "Hon chuck. Hon chuck. Hon chuck."

Stops when he gets in front of the window. Puts hands in pockets. Takes a few drags. Stares out of window. "Hon chuck." Few quick drags, and then out the window goes the cigarette. Turns and goes

over to the chair. "Hon Chuck, you keed." Stops and looks at it. "No." Turns again and walks over to the bureau. Paws the toilet articles around, then looks in the open drawers, getting very impatient, pushing and pawing. Throws a few articles on floor by mistake and not noticing. "Come on. Hon chuck. You clothes you. Give. Clothes, clothes, clothes, clothes, CLOTHES, (he fairly screams) Come on, you." Stops there and then goes to pass bed but stops there too. Kneels down and looks under bed. Doesn't find. "Ah ———." Gets up snaps fingers. "COME ON." Snaps fingers couple of times. Goes to arm chair, burrows in dirty clothes. Finds. Holds in hands low. "You big pig. You big fat pig of a time clock you. What if I smashed you huh," Raises clock over head. Looks up at it. Snorts. Drops it down again low. "No. And no and no and not that I don't want to some time you Clooock.

First figure: Finishes combing hair. Pats down strand or two. Looks at self for a few seconds. "Yah, so you like brunettes. She, (Pause) "She was medium, close cut hair, fair build, full hips and Legs. She was yes. Yes she said. And you took a penny on a tramp through the yard and laid it on the railroad tracks and the train came barrelling along with its whistle at a shriek and flattened that token firm and fine.

Second figure: "(cryptic) . . . flattened that damned coin flat allright."

First figure: Goes on not hearing a sound. "And I took that medal of mine and gave it to her with eyes that yessed it yes and she put the coin on its thin chain and wore it around her neck then. Then with that look that said yes and of course it was for me . . .

Second figure: Sarcastically. "A squashed penny. A crushed memory. Eyes that were full of you, full of honey that stuck to your throat and dribbled down your chin and still does. Bends over, elbows on knees.

First figure: "She was all the time with me and I with her. And yes full for a while.

Second figure: Mild disgust. "For a while."

First figure: Rubs hand through hair. "And what was there that I could do wrong." Walks over to window where he stops. "Winter passed in a summer and I stayed with her at 4B and could find my way down 77th street by heart and counted the steps up to the apartment and then forgot them when she'd be standing there in the doorway at the top of the stairs—there at the . . ."

Second figure: Fiddles with hands. "Twenty-six to a stairway if I remember . . ."

First figure: "And from our window in the living room of our world we could look out and skim the skyline up above not so far and at

night the lights of lives across the way would slowly go out . . . and all from our view, we could look out and . . ."

Second figure: . . . Pause. "Yes and in the darkness I knew the room by heart, the sofa, the chair with its side table and lamp, the rug before the kitchenette, the shelf along the right side of that kitchenette, the narrow doorway then and over the still into the bedded bedroom so small and narrow too, and the light-infested bathroom, with all the woman-junk all over the wash-basin, the medicine cabinet, and the back top of the john."

First figure: "And from the sofa we could . . ."

Second figure: Short. "From the sofa."

First figure: Goes. Hands in his pocket at the window. ". . . see nothing but roof tops and at night silhouettes blocked in a jagged line that fell . . .

Second figure: . . . like the tumbling curls on her forehead, I suppose."

First figure: ". . . like the tumbling curls on her forehead. And then the hell with the window and the view on this was fine with her and" Takes his hands out of his pockets and places them on the window pane flattened. ". . . her lips were mine and parting they let her tongue snake in and begin swim around and over mine . . . and her skirted knee bare and up and resting on mine and then sliding still . . . and her perfumed body pressing on mine and melting me quickly me . . . then up thigh to thigh and through our silhouettes of a room to a hall and then to the bedded room of ours bedded . . .

Second figure: A bit envious now. ". . . and then what a swim you took. Oh how I know . . ." Hand in pocket, looking off into audience, somber.

First figure: Runs hand through hair. "And not only but all of her. All mine she said. All mine. Take, Take."

Second figure: "All mine, she said. All mine." Turns back to audience, head bowed. Hands in pockets.

First figure: "Then was so fine." Pause. Turns to audience. "Why did say . . . One night she said goodnight. Goodnight she says. At first melting her was easy. A kiss and then another harder on her lips and then she would return the kiss to me and from there . . .

Second figure: "Goodnight she says. Yes I said with a kiss." He moved over to the rail at the foot of the bed. And leans there with his hands grasping the top rail.

First figure: "It began slowly at first. But then that look came to her eyes." He takes a cigarette from his shirt pocket. He lights it.

Second figure: "It began slowly at first."

First figure: "Bill, her eyes welled and I saw in them and where I

should have been pleased, I wasn't" . . . Turns to wall slightly as if ashamed.

Second figure: "She was getting on with me. And huh so was I with her." Scratches his head. "She had brunette hair, short, a fine body and she . . . hell she was all over me.

First figure: "Right now? Like this." He points to the room. He points to himself." And besides what about the "honeys".

Second figure: With disgust: "Honeys". Christ. After a while . . . I mean . . . You begin and then . . . it's all over and what do you have. Empty. So damn empty" Gestures so-what. "And then to come back to this." Points to room. Shakes head. "Oh yah"

First figure: Moves from in front of the window up towards front of stage. "After a while you want to move in. You know. Got places to go and things to see. Things? Uh, well don't pin me down. There just things I've got to do.

Second figure: ". . . look at me Bill, she said. And there we were and she was so close to me . . .

First figure: ". . . close to me, too close. Damn it. Latter maybe . . .

Second figure: "Me. Yah me. I couldn't believe it. Well it doesn't matter now." Pause. Laughs softly with disbelief. "Me? And of course . . ." He turns away from bed and goes to mirror.

First figure: Quickly "I left her. Just got out." He turns from side stage and goes across the front of the stage by the foot of the bed. Stands facing the audience.

Second figure: Standing in front of the mirror. "Well, not too vain. Huh. Takes comb and begins combing his hair.

First figure: "Christ when you stood there in November late, and her lids were pink from crying and she was standing there shivering in just her sweater and her breasts were heaving and she was so small then and waiting for me to take her . . . And I said: What do you want me to do." Standing, he puts his hand to his head and covers his face. Uncovers after a few seconds "And she managed a slight laugh and said with a shrug "Nothing." He speaks again "Nothing" Shakes head. Damn it, I was all over her but eyes said no I'm . . . No." Sits down on bed.

Second figure: Putting comb back in rear pocket. "And a wonderful damn she was then for me right then. And I was tired of myself and . . .

First figure: "Yes I loved to sleep with her but the whimpering began" Shrugs "well . . . Gets angry. "Selfish bitch. Hell duck and drift.

Second figure: "For so long you thought you could be you're so all and so soon found out that you were hanging on the friendship of

others and their words were caught all right. Loose yourself in her. What better is there now after all your talking to yourself?" And being so half full at that. Yes. (Pause) No. To the gills."

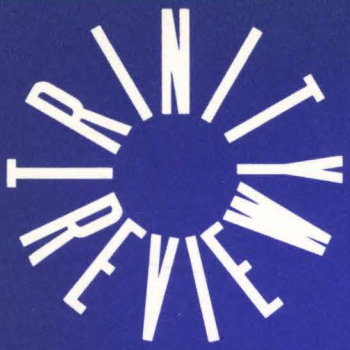
First figure: Sitting down on bed, hands in lap. "No. You repelled for your own sake and for her too, I think. You smart shit, Second figure disappears slowly through the mirror. "It's over. No good and you couldn't say this to her face to face, and your gaze fell at her feet and you too. Oh Christ! And quickly you turned and left her standing there and stumbled down the street away from her cold and shivering and into the nearest well of slobbering sympathy, the bar down on Third Avenue. Pause And soon you were back on the same old hustle." Pause. "Another telephone exchange. "Hello. Gloria. I know Tony and Dave. (Pause) O.K.? Ten dollars now?" Another "honey" and all is fine for a while." Pause Legalized prostitution would keep the little hoodlums off the street." Laughs cynically. "Oh yah"

First figure: Very alone now. "But no she said, no more she said. But who gives a damn about everyone else. The hell with the landlord." Pause. "But I can't marry you now." Snorts. Figure gets up from the bed. "Because I want to glow my world apart and in the scatterings pick up the pieces of me. And this I have to do without you, I think." He rises and goes to the middle of the stage front. Stands with his hands in his pockets. "Not that she was not with me. Oh no. Just that afterwards you think twice and feel later." Takes hands out of pockets. "Sure I saw red and green for a while. And she for me too, I hope. But no all is gone of us then. Sure", figure holds hands palms facing into each other but apart, "the bottom falls out of your world while you lie awake and alone in your small bed. And your mind goes a worming amid your thoughts and eats away at a once full love and leaves your love and love hanging in tatters and you've got only yourself to blame and to see how long you will last to the next penny and kiss and cap-toss loss and after you're left with yourself and your ashes of memory scattering to your wind that blows it knows now where. (Slight pause) But damn it blows." Figure stands silent, hands at side. Then turns and goes to center light and pulls the string that turns the light off.

Stephen J. Crockett

Contributors' Notes

PAUL H. BRIGER is presently Editor-in-Chief of the Review.
STEPHEN J. CROCKETT, Managing Editor of the Review, has been on the magazine three years; he has contributed a wide variety of meritorious and notorious poetry and prose.
DAVID L. CURRY is the first freshman poet to be published in the Review. We hope this will not be his last contribution.
PETER V. FISH is a well-known veteran on the campus. His frequent and praiseworthy appearances with the Jesters have earned him local acclaim. He makes his literary début with a short story and a comedy.
DOUGLAS FROST, Trinity '59, is lending his talents to the Development Department. He is no stranger to the Review, having been a frequent contributor to this publication on which he held an editorial position.
JOHN E. GAINES, a sophomore pre-medical major, adds an enlightening and engrossing essay on rhyme and rhythm, attacking the problem with scientific precision.
BILL KIRTZ, Trinity's "grand old man of criticism" and acknowledged master of the verbal knife, culminates his literary career with an essay on the cinema.
MALCOLM LLOYD, of the Silver Skates, formerly with the Art League (once Kulture Kliqué, now defunct) exhibits a creditable continuity of language in his two fine poems dealing with two aspects of the sea.
g h mackin (as he prefers to sign his literary efforts), one of the last examples of the Renaissance man in his combination of physics and metaphysics, presents an admirable poem to the Review pages.
PATRICK NAGLE, an Oklahomian from Harvard who attests to the oft-refuted fact that there is culture west of the Alleghenies, contributes three excellent poems.
LOUIS RENZA, a militant lyricist, is lyrical once more in two lyrical poems.
MICHAEL REWA, a former Managing Editor of the Review and currently in the English Department at the University of Delaware, is welcomed back to the Review with three poems.
RICHARD SCHNADIG, a high-ranking Trinity scholar and prospective law student, provides the Review with an interesting essay on Eugene O'Neill.
DAVID SIFTON, a sometime contributor to the Review, adds another short story of penetrating character analysis.
THOMAS R. SWIFT, medical school-bound and gracing the newly-formed Trinadads, is a well-known poet in Review circles. His poetry has not been absent from a Review publication in several years.



The cover design of this issue introduces

the new symbol of the TRINITY REVIEW.

Our "sunburst," emblematic of the eternal

out-reaching of creative expression,

will represent the REVIEW *in all its activities.*

The symbol was designed by William Wondriska.

The REVIEW *would like to*

thank Mr. Wondriska for his interest.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Hartford 6, Connecticut